for powder, they'l filla pit as well as better: tuſh man, mortali men, mortall men.

Weſt. I, but *Sir Iohn*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggerly.

Fal. Faith for their poverty, I know not where they had that, And for their bareneſſe, I am ſure they never learnt that of me.

Prin. No i'le be ſworne, unleſſe you call three fingers on the ribs, bare: but ſirra, make haſte, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the King incamp'd?

Weſt. He is, *Sir Iohn*, I feare we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well, the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gueſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Wee'l fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo? lookes he not for ſupply?

Ver. So doe we.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good couſin, be adviſ'd, ſtir not to night.

Ver. Do not my Lord.

Dow. You doe not counſell well;
Thou ſpeakſt it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Do not ſlaunder, *Dowglas*, by my life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my life;
If well-reſpected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſell with weake feare,
As you my Lord, or any *Scot*, that this day lives:
Let it be ſeene to morrow in the battell, which of us feares.

Dow. Yea, or to night. *Ver.* Content.

Hot. To night, ſay I,

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of ſuch great leading as you are.
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horſes
Of my couſin *Vernons* are not yet come up.

Your

Your Uncle *Worceſters* Horſe came b
And now their pride and metall is aſle
Their courage with hard labour tame a
That not a horſe is halfe the halfe of h

Hot. So are the horſes of the Enem
In generall journey bated and brough
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Wor The number of the King exceed
For gods ſake, Couſin, ſtay till all co

The Trumpet ſounds a parley. Ent

Blunt. I come with gracious offer
If you vouchſafe me hearing and reſp

Hot. Welcome, ſir *Walter Blunt*: and
You were of our determination;
Some of us love you well, and even th
Envy your great deſervings and good
Becauſe you are not of our quality,
But ſtand againſt us like an Enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but ſtill I ſ
So long as out of limit and true rule,
You ſtand againſt anoynted Majeſty:
But to my charge. The King hath ſen
The nature of your griefes, and wher
You conjure from the breſt of civill pe
Such bold Hoſtility, teaching his dutio
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deſerts forg
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefe, and wi
You ſhall have your deſire with intere
And pardon abſolute for your ſelfe, a
Herein miſ-led by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well w
Knowes at what time to promiſe, wi
My Father, my Uncle, and my ſelfe,
Did give him that fame royalty he w
And when he was not ſixe and twent
Sicke in the worlds regard, wretched

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37